

Read All About This Offer

JUST THINK OF IT!

## A Complete Outfit for \$15.00

Our special this week for Saturday and Monday is the biggest surprise of the season. At the nominal price of \$15.00, or a fraction less than you would pay ordinarily for a good suit, we offer you a complete outfit

## This is What it Consists of

One suit of clothes, full range of patterns and sizes to select from, value \$18.00	
One Shirt, negligee or dress, that would sell regularly at	1.25
One Suit of Underwear, either separate garments or union suit, value	1.00
Two linen Collars, "Arrow" brand value	.25
One Hat, either straw or felt, value	1.50
One necktie, four-in-hand or other styles, whose value is	.50
Total	\$22.50



## Special Note

In addition to the above offer, everything you need for summer wear is to be found here in splendid qualities at attractive prices

We Sell Schloss Baltimore Clothes

On Sale Saturday and Monday for **\$15.00**

In case you do not desire the whole outfit at \$15.00 reduced prices will be made on separate items--Note above

**The Bazaar**  
HAYMON KRUPP PROP

See  
Special Window  
Displays

By Charles Klein  
and  
Arthur Hornblow

## The Third Degree

A Narrative Of Metropolitan Life  
Copyright, 1910, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

Illustrations  
By  
Ray Walters

(Continued From Yesterday.)

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. Forced to leave college, he tried to get work and fails. His wife, Annie, is straight as a die, and has a heart of gold. A former college chum, makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who made love to Annie in his college days and was repulsed, and was once engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is a welcome visitor at the Jeffries home. Underwood has apartments in the Astoria, an exclusive apartment house. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood that remains unpaid and decides to ask him for the \$2,000 he needs. Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., prepares for a great reception at her home. Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., foolishly encourages a dangerous intimacy with Underwood, while the latter takes advantage of until he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., denies him the highest, but receives a note from Underwood threatening suicide unless she revokes her sentence of banishment. She decides to go and see him. Underwood is in desperate financial straits. Merchants for whom he has acted as commissioner in the sale of art treasures demand an accounting. Underwood cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls at Underwood's apartments in an intoxicated condition to borrow money. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told the latter is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudling condition. Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., arrives as Howard sleeps on a sofa. She demands from Underwood a promise that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to her from being associated with a suicide. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do, and takes her leave. Underwood turns out the lights, places a pistol at his temple, and fires. The report of the pistol awakens Howard from his drunken slumber. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood. Realizing his serious predicament, he starts to leave the room and is met by Underwood's valet. The latter discovers the body, raises an alarm and Howard is turned over to the police. Captain Clinton notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners begins putting Howard through an ordeal known in police parlance as the third degree.

Thus the searching examination went on, mercilessly, tirelessly. The same questions, the same answers, the same accusations, the same denials, hour after hour. The captain was

fired, but being a giant in physique, he could stand it. He knew that his victim could not. It was only a question of time when the latter's resistance would be weakened. Then he would stop lying and tell the truth. That's all he wanted—the truth. "You shot him!" "I did not." "You're lying!" "I'm not lying—it's the truth." So it went on, hour after hour, relentlessly, pitilessly, while the patient Maloney, in the obscure background, took notes.

## CHAPTER X.

The clock ticked on, and still the merciless browbeating went on. They had been at it now five long, weary hours. Through the blinds the gray daylight outside was creeping its way in. All the policemen were exhausted. The prisoner was on the verge of collapse. Maloney and Patrolman Delaney were dozing on chairs, but Capt. Clinton, a marvel of iron will and physical strength, never relaxed for a moment. Not allowing himself to weaken or show signs of fatigue, he kept pounding the unhappy youth with searching questions.

By this time Howard's condition was pitiable to witness. His face was white as death. His trembling lips could hardly articulate. It was with the greatest difficulty that he kept on his feet. Every moment he seemed about to fall. At times he clutched the table nervously, for fear he would stumble. Several times, through sheer exhaustion, he sat down. The act was almost involuntary. Nature was giving way.

"I can't stand any more," he murmured. "What's the good of all these questions? I tell you I didn't do it. He sank helplessly on a chair. His eyes rolled in his head. He looked as if he would faint.

"Stand up!" thundered the captain angrily.

Howard obeyed mechanically, although he reeled in the effort. To steady himself, he caught hold of the table. His strength was fast ebbing. He was losing his power to resist. The captain saw he was weakening, and he smiled with satisfaction. He'd

soon get a confession out of him. Suddenly bending forward, so that his fierce, determined stare glared right into Howard's half closed eyes, he shouted: "You did it and you know you did it!" "No—I—" replied Howard weakly. "These repeated denials are useless!" shouted the captain. "There's



"Why Did You Come Here?"

already enough evidence to send you to the chair!"

Howard shook his head helplessly. Weakly he replied:

"This constant questioning is making me dizzy. Good God! What's the use of questioning me and questioning me? I know nothing about it."

"Why did you come here?" thundered the captain.

"I've told you over and over again. We're old friends. I came to borrow money. He owed me a few hundred dollars when we were at college together, and I tried to get it. I've told you so many times. You won't believe me. My brain is tired. I'm thoroughly exhausted. Please let me go. My poor wife won't know what's the matter."

"Never mind about your wife," growled the captain. "We've sent for her. How much did you try to borrow?"

Howard was silent a moment, as if

racking his brain, trying to remember.

"A thousand—two thousand. I forget. I think one thousand."

"Did he say he'd lend you the money?" demanded the inquisitor.

"No," replied the prisoner, with hesitation. He couldn't—he—poor chap—he—

"Ah!" snapped the captain. "He refused—that led to words. There was

a quarrel, and—" Suddenly leaning forward until his face almost touched Howard's, he hissed, rather than spoke: "You shot him!"

Howard gave an involuntary step backward, as if he realized the trap being laid for him.

"No, no!" he cried.

Quickly following up his advantage, Capt. Clinton shouted dramatically:

"You lie! He was found on the floor in this room—dead. You were trying to get out of the house without being seen. You hadn't even stopped to wash the blood off your hands. All you fellows make mistakes. You relied on getting away unseen. You never stopped to think that the blood on your hands would betray you." Gruffly he added: "Now, come, what's the use of wasting all this time? It won't go so hard with you if you own up. You killed Robert Underwood!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## MERCHANTS SHOULD ORGANIZE SAYS DETECTIVE

Verification of Checks Before Cashing Would Save Money—Bankers Protected.

What W. A. Boyd has to say about check raising will may be of interest to El Paso business men because they deal largely with transients here in the Pass city. Mr. Boyd is chief detective for the Texas Bankers' association, and his 14 years of experience should fit him to suggest.

"Loss through raised checks is decreasing for the bankers, but is rapidly increasing for the merchant," he declares. "The bankers are organized, and may prosecute properly. The arresting of a man is but the beginning. Local authorities make the arrests, but it is almost necessary to detail an experienced man to assist in the prosecution. The merchants should also organize. It is the only way."

Of course Mr. Boyd deals largely with the professional forger. Loss from the occasional offender seldom is great.

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**\$12 TO \$30**

**Askin & Marine Co.**

216 S. El Paso Street

Check raising is a most profitable work, especially attractive on account of the little danger as compared with other forms of crime. The check forger usually is of high intelligence, a specialist in his work. The most skilled can alter the average check to a perfection which will defy the most trained eye, for the same reason that no bank can be made absolutely burglar proof. Protection must be had through a system of alarms and watches, as well as through steel doors and baffling locks. So with the check question, prevention may be had by methods apart from inspection of the altered paper.

"There is only one sure way for the merchant not protected through some organization which furnishes a special detective and funds for prosecution," explains the visiting detective. "That is the verification of the check's amount. For example, let the merchant who is presented with a pay-check verify its amount before cashing. This may be done quite easily. He may call up the cashier of the 'company' issuing the check, over the telephone. He should not cash any check without some such preventive.

"The professional often deals through a go-between. For an illustration, take a recent case near this city. A Mexican who could neither read nor write presented a check which had been raised from \$4 to \$40. He was merely a fool for the slick one who had altered the paper. In such cases the only protection lies in certifying the amount of the check from the man issuing it."

Mr. Boyd is a native Texan. He lives in Cleburne, but may be seen anywhere between El Paso and Texas. He is as familiar with yegmen as with check men.

## EAST MISSOURI WILL BE PAVED

Council Decides That Work Shall Go On—Stables in Cotton Addition.

Thursday afternoon the city council met for the purpose of disposing of

business which could not be attended to during the morning owing to Mayor Robinson's calling an adjournment to see that the polls were opened.

The matter of paving East Missouri street, against which several protests were entered in the morning, came up for further consideration. The protest of W. E. Payne and 27 others was read in which they set forth that Missouri street should not be paved at this time for the reason that they are not able to pay for paving at this time; that they expect to have a street railway line there at no distant date; that it is not necessary, as travel is limited on that street, that it would not enhance the value of the property; that they believe the estimated cost of the paving is excessive; that it would benefit none but the paving company; that the paving company and not the property owners agitated the paving of the street and that many are not able to pay.

Will Rand, of the Bitulthie Paving company, took exception to the statement that the paving company had originated the plan to have the street paved and said the original petition for paving was filed in 1907 and at least 40 property owners whose names were on the protest had signed the original petition for the paving. There are, he said, 141 property owners on that street.

Mayor Robinson then asked how many protestants there were and alderman Blumenthal said that J. J. Ormsbee had told him that if the paving was not to be done until next January, he would withdraw his protest. This left 21 protestants.

Mayor Robinson said: "As there seem to be so many protests, we should look into this matter."

However, alderman McGhee said: "It has been the custom of the council to pass the ordinances and if those having property beyond Dallas street, whence most of the protests came, decline to sign up, then the paving will be stopped there." The ordinance was then placed on its first reading.

The action of mayor Robinson in signing the contracts for the paving of West Overland street and Myrtle avenue was, on motion of alderman McGhee, seconded by Clayton, approved. An application from the Petrolithic

Construction company for the establishment of stables in Cotton addition was granted.

Those stables are already built on lots 9 to 12 in block 58, Cotton addition, right on the dividing line of Cotton and Bassett additions, at the junction of Texas street. The petitioners stated that they desired to keep 75 horses and one cow there. Discussing the petition, mayor Robinson said: "This is practically an extension of the city stables. They should have come to the city council before building there, but they went to someone else and were advised that if the city had stables there, they had a right to build in the same manner."

Alderman McGhee moved that permission be granted to establish the stables. Blumenthal seconded the motion and carried it unanimously. The council adjourned until Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

## DRAMSHOP LICENSE REVOKED BY EYLAR

Permit Held by John J. Stadman—"Only an Example," Says Vic Moore.

Judgment for the revocation of the dramshop license held by John J. Stadman, who formerly conducted a saloon at 212 Broadway, was obtained in county court Thursday afternoon before Judge A. S. J. Eylar by Moore & Moore. Stadman was fined two weeks ago on a charge of violating the liquor law, it being alleged he kept his saloon open on Sunday. He was prosecuted under the vagrancy act.

"I'm going to fight the renewing of licenses to saloonkeepers who have kept open after business hours and on Sunday," declared Vic Moore Thursday afternoon. "The revocation of Stadman's license is only an example of what will happen. I shall fight them before the state controller and also in county court."

The application for renewals will be made in July.

"Nature's Gift from the Sunny South"

## Lard Has Been in Existence a Long Time--So Has Indigestion

Human nature is hard to solve. People who are most particular about adapting the weight of their wearing apparel to the season and its conditions, who never think of going out in a storm without an umbrella and rubbers, who would not sit in a draft, will day after day eat lard-soaked food and not realize for an instant that it is clogging their whole inner machinery. Lard is produced from hog fat, sometimes pure, always indigestible.

Cottolene is the best frying and shortening medium in the world. It is made from refined cottonseed oil. From Cottonfield to Kitchen—human hands never touch the oil from which Cottolene is made. Everything in Cottolene is digestible and conducive to health.

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Cottolene is packed in pails with an air-tight top to keep it clean, fresh and wholesome, and prevent it from catching dust and absorbing disagreeable odors, such as fish, oil, etc.

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